

823
H293



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016



Page 8.

Published for J. Povey May 21. 1801.

THE
HAUNTED CASTLE ;

OR,

The Child of Misfortune.

A GOTHIC TALE.

I am thy father's spirit ;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night ,
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away.

SHAKESPEARE.



London :

Printed by T. Maiden, Sherbourne-Lane,
FOR ANN LEMOINE, WHITE-ROSE-COURT, COLEMAN-
STREET, AND SOLD BY T. HURST,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

[Price Six pence.]



HAUNTED CASTLE.

THE disconsolate Julian, expelled from the asylum which had fostered his infancy, without fortune or friends, and only a few ducats in his pocket, with some necessary linen, and no other guardian than his integrity, nor other companion than his horse, set out from Warfenburg upon a long and doubtful journey. As he passed the draw-bridge to go out, an old domestic of the family saluted him, and, knowing he was taking his departure for good, crossed himself, and wished him the most prosperous adventures. He returned the old servant's affectionate regard, and observed, that few dared to own themselves the friends of the unfortunate. "Ah me!" sighed out Cudrin, "that I should live thus to see the day, when the gallant Julian, the adopted and beloved of my old master, is turned out of doors. Alas! an old man's blessing is all I have to give, and that I most freely bestow. Oh, may Heaven," he added, with uplifted hands, "direct your feet from all false friends, through the intricate mazes of this deceitful world; and, for this undeserved reproach and mortification, pour its balmy comforts on your head." "I feel," replied Julian, "the value of your blessing; and may your declining years glide on in peace; and Heaven, in its own good time, receive your breath without a sigh. Farewell, Cudrin." As he spurred his horse, he stumbled over a stone, which made him turn his head, and pull up the reins; but, just as he set off, he looked round again at the old servant, and up to a particular tower of the castle. He sighed; and, looking again at Cudrin, waved his hand as a parting farewell, and, as if flying from reflection, once more spurred on his horse, and was out of sight in a moment.

His course was uncertain; his sudden dismissal had not allowed him time to form any plan; and the malignance of his fate had only left him one wish to accomplish, which was to fly from every eye that had witnessed his prosperous days, and shelter himself where he was utterly unknown. Wrapt up in thought, and indifferent as to his course, he left to his horse the choice of the road; only now and then, when impelled by some greater agitation of mind, he spurred him on to a brisker pace.

The departing day at last brought Julian to a sense of his dangerous situation; for the woods of Suabia abounded with a banditti, who, under the disguise of Pandours, committed the most horrid excesses. It was true, he had little to lose; and though his life, stripped of its former comforts, seemed of little value, yet the involuntary desire of it induced him to be careful of what he de-

lapsed. He rode on some time over an open plain, which he preferred to the dark recesses of the forest. The evening had advanced two hours, when, by the light of the moon, he perceived an humble habitation. As he approached it, he discovered a little cabin by the side of the road, to which the fashion of the times had given the name of inn. This place brought to Julian's recollection, that he had not broke his fast that day; therefore, going in, he alighted, and following the host's daughter into the kitchen, ordered an omelet of eggs and a quarter of a goose for his supper. His young landlady applied herself very readily to get him his supper, and hunger was the sauce that gave it a relish. After supper, he drank half a pint of muscadel; and, not being inclined for company, called his host to shew him where he was to sleep. The man was profusely eloquent in praise of his house, while he conducted him up a ladder into the room where he was to sleep. Julian, brought up amidst the splendor of superior ranks, found but little to admire in this apartment. He was, however, constrained by necessity to remain there; but sleep not immediately overcoming the anxiety of his mind, he opened the lattice, to contemplate the moon, which was near its full, and shone just opposite to him with peculiar brightness.

While he was amusing himself with his thoughts of futurity, his curiosity was awakened by the sound of human voices in the front of the house. Suspicious of the sequel, he felt about his room for the opening to get out, when, finding the ladder removed, he groped about till he found a square hole, which led into a long gallery: here listening, he heard himself minutely described, with inquiries whether he had been seen by any besides the people of the inn.

For a moment a gleam of joy took possession of his soul, for he vainly flattered himself that Count Wartenburg had by some miracle relented, and sent to require his return. Filled with this improbable idea, he went to the lattice, to see if he could speak to these inquirers. This window looked into a garden, when, in that critical moment, he discovered among them a confidential servant of Calheim, Baron Hailbron's son. Julian, convinced that no good could flow from that quarter, drew in his head before he was discovered, and understood, by their discourse, that they had entered the house. As it was of consequence to him to discover their design in pursuing him thus, he listened in a corner where he was safe from being seen, and, looking through a chink, could have a good view of the party. One of them, as was said before, had been a servant of Calheim's, and was in company with two others, whose countenance were truly diabolical. They were seated with the landlord and his daughter round a table, with liquor before them; but they seemed more intent on business than eating, and were seemingly in a very deep consultation. Now and then their discourse was carried on so low, that they seemed to shun the listening ear of night; yet so intent was Julian upon unravelling their plot, that every accent met his ear.

"Why, I say," vehemently asserted the footman, "money shall not be wanting. See this bag; here is plenty of gold; and, if this will not content you, you shall have more: enough to make your old age comfortable, and buy your pretty daughter a good husband. And all for what? Body of me! for nothing but holding your tongue. We don't want your assistance; these gentlemen know their trade too well to require your help." "But if it should be discovered?" said the host, (eyeing the purse.) "How the devil should that be? We must be silent for our own sakes; and dead men tell no tales." "But how shall I answer it to my conscience?" "Pho! you can afford to purchase absolution: your confessor and you will set that to rights, never fear."

From the impetuosity of their discourse, Julian found he had not a moment to lose. He therefore immediately withdrew into his own place. He did not consult long what was to be done; escape was the most necessary motion; and, as the cabin was but one low story above the ground, he made his way through the lattice, and came safely to the ground; then stealing through the yard, not daring to take his horse, he left the precincts of the cabin with speed and trepidation. He flew with all speed through the valley, and by the dawn of next morning had reached a thick forest. Sheltered by the friendly shade of the thickest part of it, he ascended a tall tree, whose luxuriant foliage would have effectually screened him from view, had his enemies pursued him thither. Excessive fatigue brought with it its own cure; and he lost all his cares, his anxieties, and his disappointments, in a profound sleep; nor did he awake till the sun darted his meridian beam through the verdant canopy.

In the first moment of his waking, the novelty of his lodging, and the strangeness of the scene around, made him fancy himself still in a dream. But soon the painful incidents of the preceding day crowded on his recollection; and the care of an existence, which the morning before he had contemned, now became his study.

With pain he reflected that he had no weapon to defend himself with; for having, when he laid down on the bed, taken off his sword, in the hurry of his escape he forgot to take it with him. He therefore cut up as large a club as he could manage with his pocket knife, and pursued his way through the narrow parts of the forest, uncertain where they would lead him; his only point being to get at a distance from his enemies, to evade their search. By evening he came to the verge of another large plain, on which he perceived several scattered cottages, and which seemed terminated by another such forest as that through which he had passed.

Tired with his long walk, and faint with fasting the whole day, he yet dared not to venture into the plain till evening; when passing several cottages, which seemed to have more company in them than he chose to disclose himself to, he at last saw one who had no other inmate at that time than an old woman. He rapped at the door, and requested the old dame to give him a sup of milk.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

"Aye, that I will," said she. "God bless that sweet face, it looks if you were very weary with a long day's sport. Shall I bring your honour a slice of my poor ordinary brown bread with the milk?" "If you please, my good mother; it never could be more acceptable."

He eat with so keen a relish, and drank so liberally, that his benevolent hostess was delighted, and pressed him to have some more, which he refused; but requested, however, a piece of the loaf to put in his pocket; and giving her a million of thanks, accompanied with a piece of money, he once more set forward; though he scarcely knew to what part of the compass, and had formed no determinate plan.

He walked across the plain, and, a little before day, reached the skirts of another forest, where he again rested himself amidst the thick boughs of a spreading tree, and enjoyed several hours of repose, dearly earned by his fatigue. When he awoke, he again set forward; keeping, as before, in the narrow paths and thickest parts of the forest: but the morning was overcast, and threatened a stormy and tempestuous day. As he proceeded, the forest put on a more regular and cultivated appearance. At length a wide extended lawn presented itself, terminated by a castle. Whilst he was beholding it, the clouds poured down their contents in torrents on his head; the most tremendous thunder shook the air, and the lightning in incessant flashes blazed around.

Julian was still standing, and considering what he had best do, when a peasant passed him. "A piteous day, master," said he. "True," said Julian. "Can you tell me, friend, if there be any house near, where I may have shelter from this storm?" "My cottage is within two miles, please your honour," answered the peasant, "and I should be proud to entertain you in it." "Thank you, my good friend; but that castle is nearer; perhaps its inhabitants would take me in. Will you run across the lawn, and tell them my distress?" "I had rather endure the pelting of fifty such storms as this, than go where I am sure to meet the devil; who has kept his court there always these twenty years; and all the witches come every night to dance with him, and a fearful coil they do make. There is such a shrieking, such howling, and such a hubbub, that every body would rather go ten miles another way, than go within one of the castle, specially after sun-set." "Farewell, friend: I am sorry to have detained thee." "Then your honour will not go to my cottage?" "No; I thank thee. But is not that castle the receptacle of robbers?" "Oh! no, no; the hardiest villain of them all would not sleep there, nor even enter its gates, for the richest booty they might take; so generally is it known and feared." "Farewell, friend."

"This uninhabited place," said Julian, "shall be my abode; and these vulgar prejudices will be my security from interruption or discovery."

The violence of the storm made him run across the lawn, and he soon arrived at what had been the moat, but which was now be-

come choked with weeds. A decayed drawbridge lay across it, by which he passed into the ruined court. The door of the castle stood half open, and he entered a spacious hall: but his entrance occasioned no small bustle, from the fright it gave a large owl, who had taken up his hitherto unmolested station in that place, and whose sudden flight alarmed a family of bats, its ancient inhabitants. The uproar occasioned by his intrusion having a little subsided, Julian looked round. An air of magnificence was still visible through the dirt and cobwebs. Its upper pannels, adorned with whole length pictures of the emperors of Germany, its lower with military trophies, the back-sword, the battered helmet, and the tattered colours, evinced the active bravery of their possessors. Its floor, where, from the accumulated dust of a length of years, the floor could be discerned, was marble in large chequers of black and white: the windows large; but, from their Gothic structure, and the glass being painted with armorial bearings, covered too with dirt and cobwebs, the light which struck through them was dim and gloomy, and but just sufficient to give the surrounding objects to the eye.

A spacious stone stair-case was at the upper end of this hall, and several doors on each side. Julian opened one, and found it led into a noble suit of apartments, whose velvet hangings, which once had been crimson adorned with gold, were dropping by damp and neglect from the walls.

But what most surprised him was, to find that, though uninhabited, the castle was not disfurnished, there appearing in these rooms every thing proper for an opulent family, though in a state of decay; for the chairs were many of them falling to pieces, and the costly marble tables had crushed their frames with their own weight.

Returning into the hall, he opened a door on the other side, and found it conducted to the offices, among which was a kitchen, furnished with every culinary apparatus, and in some disorder, as if in actual use, though dirty, and devoured with rust.

He then ascended the stairs; and, opening a door in the front of the ante-chamber, he found himself in a grand saloon; and he perceived this floor had not suffered near so much as the ground-floor by damp; for the splendid ornaments of this room were in a very good state of preservation, and fully evinced the magnificent and elegant taste of those who had adorned it.

He next opened the doors of many bed-chambers. Some of them he found sumptuously decorated, others simply elegant. All of them had suffered more or less, but seemingly more from damp than time, which Julian imputed to the choaking up of the moat, that had affected the castle walls, the costly hangings which were upon them bearing the greatest marks of decay.

One of these chambers he entered, whose hangings were in much better preservation than the rest; they were of rich tapestry. Over the chimney-piece of this room was a large picture, which contained a family group, and fixed the attention of Julian. A man

in the prime of life, and of a noble air, stood leaning with looks of pleasure and cordial love over the back of a chair, on which sat a lady of exquisite beauty. On her lap lay a lovely smiling male infant, which she was caressing: at her knee stood a fine little boy; and at a small distance were two other children; one a beautiful girl, seated on a lamb, whose neck was decorated with flowers, and held on by a boy of a most amiable countenance, seemingly something older than herself.

The day was by this time drawing to its close. Julian was still dripping wet from the storm; though his curiosity had so entirely engrossed every faculty, that it had scarcely occurred to him. A chill, which he now felt, reminded him that he was so; and he took off some of his clothes, and hung them at the back of a chair to dry, thinking to wrap himself up in the counterpane of the bed. But perceiving presses in a closet, the door of which stood open, he looked into them, and to his great surprise found they were full of men's habiliments of the richest kinds. "This castle," said he, "abounds in wonders. I must beg leave to borrow this nightgown," throwing one about his shoulders; and then laying himself down on the bed, he was soon buried in a profound repose, out of which he was suddenly awoke about midnight by a horrible noise, a kind of cry of distress, as if from several voices.

Julian possessed a courage the most undaunted; yet as he lay and listened, and recollected what the peasant had told him of the castle's being the residence of infernal spirits, though his good sense rejected the supposition, a sentiment not much unlike fear obtruded itself with the wonder with which he heard the dismal cry that rung through the castle. As he was deliberating whether he had better rise, or continue where he was, on a sudden, by the light of the moon, which shone bright into his apartment, he perceived a man at the foot of the bed. Julian, though greatly surprised, looked steadfastly at him. He was in a loose dress, stained in many places with blood; his aspect expressive of the deepest anguish and heart-felt grief; and his features, Julian thought, like those in the family picture. The phantom seemed to eye Julian, then waved his hand for him to rise. Though his heart palpitated at so strange a summons, he instantly obeyed it. He rose from the bed. The phantom walked to the door, and beckoned him to follow. It led him down the stair-case, and across the hall, where a door opened to receive them. Through this door Julian still followed his conductor, though not without reluctance, when he found it led them into a dark narrow passage. Hitherto he had enjoyed the light of the moon; but no sooner were they entered this place, than the door shut to with a violence which reverberated through all the castle, and he found himself shut up in utter darkness. Immediately his hand was seized by one of icy coldness, and he was drawn with an irresistible force down a winding and deep descent of great length.

Was it in man to be unappalled in such a situation? The idea of his companion—The horror of the darkness—The descent,

which seemed to his imagination as if leading into the bowels of the earth!—His blood seemed congealed by the cold touch of those strange fingers; his heart beat with a violence which would scarcely allow him to breathe. A door before them flew open, and Julian descried a room, or rather a dungeon, where, by a blue and sulphureous light, he saw a woman sitting on the floor, besmeared with blood, and round her three children bleeding. Seeing Julian, she rose, and glided towards him with spread arms, as if to embrace him; but, with a heart too much oppressed to support any additional terrors, he shrunk with horror from the embrace, and fell into a deep swoon.

It was several hours ere Julian revived to sense and recollection. He looked round. The sun, who was now at some height, darting his beams on the window of a neighbouring tower, shot from thence downward an oblique ray, which, piercing through the bars of that dismal abode in which Julian found himself, enabled him, by its faint and indistinct light, to view it. It was a narrow gloomy dungeon, the walls of which were besmeared with blood, and dropping with a noxious dew, that partook of its colour. On the floor lay several dead bodies, which time had wasted to skeletons. Unnerved, and with weakened spirits, Julian shivered with horror at the scene; and, perceiving the door open, endeavoured immediately to escape from it to the upper regions of the castle.

With some difficulty, and not without a chill of horror, he cautiously retrod his midnight steps through the dark ascent, groping with his hands, and running every moment against the damp winding wall; and never was the broad light of day so welcome to his eyes, as when, on pushing open the door, he found himself in the hall. He ascended the stair-case with hasty steps, looking behind him as if he feared the phantom was following him: and, having entered the chamber where he slept, he put on his cloths. With all expedition he left this troubled abode; and crossing the lawn, regained the skirt of that forest which he had traversed the preceding day. He had scarcely entered it, when he again met the same peasant who had accosted him the day before.

“A smiling morning, your honour, after the storm of yesterday. You must have been nation wet. Why wouldn’t you be so good as to go to my poor cottage? We should have been a very few minutes running there; and my wife would have been so happy to dry your honour’s clothes, which to my thinking are wet now.” Dost thou know me, good fellow?” “Yes, your honour. Don’t you remember the Count’s vassal, Conrad?” “But how came you in this part of the country, Conrad?” “Oh, your honour, I married Gillian, one of lady Konigsal’s attendants, and settled here, where I earn hard bread by cutting wood in the forest, and carrying it to Augsбург. But though I earn coarse bread by hard labour, and the sweat of my brow, what of that? Work is good for my health: the rich man must toil or be sick; and he endures as much fatigue in sporting as I do in wood cutting.” “Oh, Conrad! thou art indeed a happy man!” “I am contented, your honour;

and that is every thing. But would you make me happy, and go to my cottage?" "Yes, I think I will go with thee, to have my clothes dried, which are indeed very damp. Which is the way?" "O, this way, your honour."

They soon reached the cabin (for it was no better) of honest Conrad, who bawled out, as he entered, "Here, Gillian, I have brought thee Lord Julian! His clothes are wet: make a fire, and dry them. Perhaps he hath not yet broke his fast, and will eat some of our homely fare." "Will you," said Gillian, "will your Lordship condescend to bless our humble board?" "Gladly, Gillian; for, to confess a truth, I have been a long time fasting."

The cabin was now in commotion; the children were dispatched for sticks to make a fire. Julian was stript of his wet clothes, and dress'd in the holiday ones of Conrad, which, though sufficiently homely, were clean. Conrad undertook to dry them, whilst Gillian prepared the entertainment.

A clean cloth was spread upon a shining brown table; and a regale of bread, butter, and milk, sat thereon, that no time might be lost, whilst a repast of eggs and fish was preparing. Some nuts and dried grapes compoted the desert; whilst the pure beverage of nature from the brook at their door sparkled in the brown jug.

The rage of hunger appeased, Julian had leisure to look about him. The house, though a mud built cottage, was clean even to niceness, with all its humble furniture. His host was a robust peasant of about thirty: honesty, in its plainest and most rustic garb, marked his manners.

Conrad had gazed in silence on Julian while he was eating: his voracious appetite, his wet clothes from the preceding day's storm, his being unattended, became matter of astonishment to him. "I ask your pardon, your honour; but I cannot chuse, but wonder to see your honour without any servants, seemingly without lodging last night, and hungry enough to relish our homely diet. If the good Count knew all this, he would fear you would catch a fever with your damp things." "And Lady Jemima," said Gillian, "what would she fear?"

The cheeks of Julian glowed at that name. "Alas!" said he, sighing, "know you not that the good Count is dead? His brother is now in possession of the castle, and has chased me from it: and Lady Jemima—is—by this time—the wife of the young Baron Hailbron; who, not content with that envied blessing, pursues my life with the most rancorous hate. It is but two nights ago that I escaped from ruffians, hired to murder me, into these forests, where, alone and unarmed as I am, I would wish to avoid them."

"Here, your honour, here you *shall* be safe. I will pledge my life to secure yours," said Conrad. "Generous, blessed spirit!" said Julian, "worthy to inhabit the breasts of princes! Gratitude cannot be a solitary virtue; to you I will commit myself. I have still some ducats, which will prevent my becoming burthensome, till I can fix upon a plan for my future conduct."

Conrad and his wife were as grateful to Julian for his intention

to stay with them as if he had conferred a benefit. "But," after a pause, (surveying again the cottage,) "my good friends," said Julian, "this habitation but ill accords with your own expanded hearts; it must be too small for the family you already have; you cannot lodge me. Besides, Conrad, my enemies will pursue me. I know well their malice; it is edged with double fury by conscious ingratitude. If I appear here, others in this district may know me as well as yourself; inquiries will be made after me, and I shall be betrayed. Is there no unfrequented place near, in which I may shelter?" "I, by the greatest accident in the world, discovered a cave in the forest, which is very large, and it is dry and clean," said Conrad. "The very thing; that cave shall be my residence." "And what does your lordship think of the dress of a hermit?" said Gillian. "As of the happiest thought imaginable, and the properest inhabitant of a cave. I am impatient to wear it—But how shall I procure it?" "That shall be my province," answered she. "I was going this day to Augsburg, to sell my spinning work, and buy some matters, and there I can purchase what is necessary." "Do; and in the interim I will go with your husband to the cave; and here is some money for your marketing."

According to this plan, each went their different route. Julian found the cave but a little way in that part of the forest which fronted the Haunted Castle, but in a very thick part of it, and accessible only by a narrow path, which winded with many intricate doublings through the briar and underwood. The first entrance was discovered by Conrad merely by accident. The door of the cave was in the inside of a rocky hill, so covered with moss and weeds, it was no easy matter to find it. The cave itself was large and commodious, and consisted of two apartments, which were made out of the solid rock. Our youthful adventurer was delighted with it. "To night," said he, "Conrad, will I take possession, as soon as your wife comes from Augsburg." And he was as good as his word; for Gillian came home soon after their return to the cottage, laden with those necessary articles which enabled him so to do. Here," said she, "is your beard; and here is your robe and your string of beads. Let me have the honour of transforming the handsomest young man in Germany into a venerable hermit. I have brought you also a mattress, pillow, and coverlid; a tinder-box, some oil, and a lamp."

Julian's affairs were soon adjusted. Gillian would assist in carrying his furniture to the cave. The moon was friendly to the evening expedition. The mattress was spread in the inner cave, his humble furniture put in order; and, after imploring millions of blessings on his head, Conrad and his spouse left our adventurer to his repose.

Julian awoke early; and, rising from his lowly couch, he opened the door of the cave, and sallied out to view his domain. "What an enchanting retreat!" he exclaimed; "sweet seat of innocence and peace! Why cannot I be the character I assume? bid a final

adieu to a world that affords not one glimpse of happiness for me, and end my life in this charming solitude? If Jemima be another's—and will her being so admit a doubt?—If she be, what is the world?—A blank. Society, were it inclined to admit me, a curse; and life an intolerable burthen.—Yet how do I know but the constancy of Jemima may surmount the obstinacy of her persecutors? Her soul, though soft as the western breeze, and yielding as air to its all reasonable deities, is firm and unbending in the cause of virtue and honour. Shall I supinely bury myself in solitude, and leave to her an unavailing and unassisted conflict? I will at least make one effort to see her. No one can recognize me in my present disguise. I will find means to enter the castle. I will be assured I have nothing to hope, before I resign myself to despair.”

This resolution was no sooner formed, than Conrad appeared at the entrance, to whom Julian communicated his determination. “You must suffer me then to go with you, my lord,” said that honest peasant. “’Tis a parlous long way, and your honour does not look quite well. Besides, you *may* be discovered; and it will be safer to have one with you, who is both able and willing to defend you. I will run home, tell Gillian where we are going, bring some provisions for the way, and then, if it so please you, we will set out.”

As soon as Conrad returned, they began their journey, each with a stout staff in his hand, and a wallet of provisions on the shoulder of Conrad. They did not arrive at the environs of the castle till the second day had closed upon them. Their path lay within a furlong of the church, from the windows of which, when they came against it, they perceived a great light, which streamed along the glade.

“There is a funeral,” said Conrad. “Shall we look in, your honour?” “As you please, my friend. My curiosity, except in one particular, is extinct. But, probably, as there are many people gathered together, you may, by some prudent inquiries, discover what is going forward at the castle. But I prithee be guarded.” “Oh! fear me not, your honour,” said Conrad, bending his hasty steps towards the church. Julian followed him. They entered, perceived it lighted by a profusion of wax tapers, full of people, many of them in mourning habits, and the priests chanting a requiem to the soul of the deceased.

“Who *can* it be?” whispered Conrad. “A woman by the coffin; and, to all appearance, of great account.” “Happy spirit!” said Julian. “Released from all the miseries of this sublunary scene of torments, how I envy thy sweet oblivion of grief and care! But soft, they lead to the monument of Warfenburg. My boding heart! For Heaven’s sake, Conrad, inquire who it is.”

Conrad made the inquiry of a peasant who stood near, and was answered, with a stare of wonder, “Why, that’s strange, ye should not know ’tis her ladyship, Madam Jemima, our lord’s daughter; the sweetest and best lady in the world. This was to have been her wedding-day. Lord bless us! Many things, you

See, master, fall out between the cup and the lip. Well, God disposes of all things, as our good priest says. She had a bitter dislike to the man my lord had choosed for her. She could not endure the Baron. No, no; there was another young gentleman she had set her heart upon, who was as handsome as the day was long, and *so* affable and kind to poor people. Well, well, 'tis not for poor people to pass their verdict upon rich people's doings, or, to *my* thinking, the Count deserves all the sorrow he meets with. He turned this good young gentleman out of doors to seek his fortune; when, I have heard, he never would have been master of the castle, if it had not been for him. But we must take care how we talk of our betters, you know. Well, and then he would make madam Jemima marry the Baron, because his father was rich; and now God, you see, has taken his daughter from him. All is for the best, as our priest says; for, to my thinking, she had better be in heaven than married to the Baron, whose father is hated by every body; and all the servants say the son is as like him as two peas."

Though this intelligence was given in a whispering voice, Julian lost not a word, as he leaned for support against one of the pillars of the church, which fortunately he happened to stand near; for a support, indeed, he wanted. "Lead me to the monument, said he, "Conrad:"

Conrad reluctantly lent his arm, and Julian, by that assistance, staggered towards the monument; which, by this time, the coffin being deposited, and all due rights performed, every one had quitted, but the man whose office it was to take care of it, and lock it up, which he was then preparing to do. "I have no leisure to gratify farther curiosity," said he, very rudely, as Julian entered. "If you don't come out directly, I shall lock you up." "I shall thank thee, friend; thou canst not do me a greater service," replied Julian, throwing himself upon his knees by the side of the coffin, and spreading his arms over it, whilst a torrent of tears poured down his cheeks.

The man looked at him with astonishment, not unmixed with pity. Poor Conrad was in tears; yet, amidst his grief, forgot not how necessary it was his patron should be concealed. "A poor crazed hermit," said he to the sexton, "whose whole dependence was on the charity of Lady Jemima." "Alas! poor man! his loss is great indeed!" replied the other. "We have all reason to weep. *So* good, *so* affable, *so* kind! Ah! the poor have lost their best friend!—But come, father, grief will not bring her to life again, and I want to be getting home." "Have patience with him a short time," said Conrad. "Have you no others matters to see after in the church? In about a quarter of an hour, perhaps, I shall be able to move him from hence." "Yes, I want to put things a little to rights; but, when that is done, I must not be kept." So saying, he left them.

"Oh! my dear Sir," said Conrad to Julian, who still continued to bathe the coffin with his tears, "though I cannot blame

your grief for the loss of so sweet a creature, yet consider where you are, and the evil consequences of being known." "*Where I am, Conrad! Oh! I know full well—In the place which holds all that was ever dear to me in this world, and all to whom I was dear. Here lies my Jemima; the loveliest—sweetest—best—Oh! my sworn heart!—burst, obstinate tormentor, and spare me these excruciating pangs. And there, Conrad, look there,*" rising, and pointing to another coffin, "*there lies my dear, my inestimable friend. His arms dandled my infancy, his care nurtured my youth: he sought to bring me to honour: it was his intention to give me riches, to procure me happiness. Alas! thou most benevolent, thou best of beings,*" kneeling, and lifting his streaming eyes to Heaven, "*as a son thou didst love me; and with an affection more than filial was thy love returned. See thy Julian bereaved of all thy goodness had intended for him; the virtues which thou implanted in his heart were the means of his destruction.*" "Come, Sir; the sexton will be back." "And must I leave thee, Jemima?" sinking again into tender sorrow, "*for ever leave thee? Leave thee too, my honoured friend! the only pair who truly loved me, and return to a world that cares not for me?—Oh, Jemima!*" sinking on his knees by the side of the coffin, and fervently kissing the velvet which covered it; "*most beautiful, fairest of female forms! Rich case of a jewel which now shines in heaven! Farewell! Oh! farewell—FOR EVER!*" So saying, he rushed out of the place, as if he doubted his own resolution, followed by Conrad.

The intention of his journey thus sorrowfully accomplished, Julian felt an eagerness to return to his cave, where, in uninterrupted solitude, he might give free indulgence to his grief, which made him deaf to all the representations of Conrad on the absolute necessity of rest and refreshment; and, as soon as they had regained the path they had quitted, Julian set off at a rate which his strength, impaired as it was by the fatigue of the two preceding day's journey, was very inadequate to sustain. It was soon slackened; but still, for several hours, he went forward in deep silence, interrupted but by sighs; and the day broke upon them as, with weary steps and slow, they ascended a very high hill. By the time they gained the summit, the strength of both were so much exhausted, that they threw themselves, as if by consent, at the foot of a large spreading tree.

On a sudden the sun, bursting from a cloud, which had veiled his rising beams, gave life, spirit, and animation to the world. To all the world but Julian; who, hiding his eyes on his arm, as he lay upon the earth, refused to join in the general joy. "Oh! Conrad," he exclaimed, "how came we to place ourselves here in such a moment as this, when all nature, the whole creation seem at war with my feelings? When every living creature insults me with a display of joy and gladness! Limbs, bear me to my sequestered vale, and then stiffen, and refuse your offices for ever. You are weary, Conrad." "A little, your honour. But what

think you of breaking your fast? To say truth, I am more hungry than tired. I have still some bread, and a slice of cheese, in my wallet; and I can fill my bottle at that clear little spring on my left hand." "I will thank thee for a little water, my good friend; but no eating for me." "But what will support your honour?" "Misery!—Despair! The wretch on the rack is insensible to the tooth-ach." Conrad filled his bottle, out of which Julian greedily drank; and then the honest peasant eat his breakfast with a very good appetite, though not with that glee which he would have done could his patron have partook it with him.

On they again walked; and towards evening reached a small village, where, with great difficulty, Conrad persuaded Julian to take some refreshment and rest. He did lie down a few hours; but short was the repose he allowed himself; and the next evening, weary and spent, they arrived at the place where he had so much wished to be.

Conrad, though extremely fatigued, would have staid, and waited upon him, but this he would not suffer. "Go to thy wife, my happy friend," said he. "I want nothing in thy power to procure me. I have provisions; my rivulet affords me drink; I have oil in my lamp." "At least, let me light it," said Conrad. He struck the flint, and illuminated the cave. "There, my friend, now leave me; and let me not see a human form till the morning after to-morrow." Conrad pronounced a fervent benediction, and departed.

"At last, I am left to do as I please," said he, with a gloomy and sullen satisfaction, throwing himself on the ground before his cave, in which position he lay a considerable time, overwhelmed with the most poignant grief. At length he called reason to his aid; and reflecting in a manly manner on his present situation, at last concluded, as he had lost all that was dear to him in this world, it was a duty he owed to God to do what good he could for the rest of his life, that he might obtain eternal happiness hereafter. He said, "My *power* of doing good belongs to the great Ruler of the Universe to assign. I bring a heart to his service; and He, who beholds the inmost recesses of that heart, will accept the *intention*, though the *action* may be circumscribed. This quiet seclusion has infinite charms, much to be preferred to the noise and bustle of the world. I will tear that preference from my soul; for, as I *suffer* life from a principle of duty to God, without any prospect of *enjoying* it, neither *inclination* nor *taste* have business to take the lead in my choice of what *sort* of life it shall be. I live, because, by dying, I should incur the anger of God, and hazard the happiness of an eternity: and I will *so* live as I think will be most pleasing to him, and of course most proper to secure that happiness; or I had better die at once, and escape the evils of life. Adieu, then, the selfish solitude of the monk and the hermit—But which way to bend my course? Will it be of any use to explore the mystery of that Castle, which a cowardly fear made me abandon? The spirits of the dead are not *ordinarily* suf-

fered to disturb the abodes of the living. There must be something more than common in it. Has there been murder, and the perturbed spirits wander round the unburied relics of the body, till they are committed to consecrated ground, and the murderer punished? That dungeon—those bones—The recollection chills me with horror. O that I could bring peace to those disturbed spirits! But how? I will consider to morrow, for I feel weary, heavy, and want repose.” He entered his cave, threw himself on his mattress, and, in a few moments, sunk into a profound sleep, in which he remained till the next day was far advanced.

At length the sun approached the horizon; and Julian, taking his lamp and implements for procuring a light, walked to the Castle. The same bustle ensued amongst the ancient inhabitants of the hall as upon his first arrival. He waited not to see tranquillity restored, but immediately ascended the stairs, and entered the chamber he had before occupied. “The time will pass very tediously,” said he, “till midnight, with no other companion than my own thoughts. Would I had a book. But is it possible a Castle, furnished as this is, can be without a library? Let me seek it.”

He went out of the chamber, opened several doors, and at last discovered what he had sought. It was a very noble room, adorned with beautiful paintings and statuary, and contained the best authors. “What an invaluable treasure!” said Julian, as his eyes ran greedily over the backs of the books. He soon selected one. Two large wax candles, in massy silver candlesticks, stood upon the writing table. He took them, with his book, into the chamber; and, as it now began to be dark, he lighted them; and, sitting down, so placid was his soul, that the hour of midnight stole upon him unheeded: nor did the errand on which he came once rise to his recollection, till he was reminded of it by a sudden gust of wind rising in the castle, and howling in the long passages. The doors banged, the windows rattled, the wainscot cracked. This was succeeded by a deep and dismal cry of distress. A more soul-harrowing sound never reached a human ear. It seemed to be composed of the screams of children, the piercing shrieks of women, and the groans of dying men.

Firm as Julian thought his soul, the book dropt from his trembling hand. A moment’s reflection, however, restored him to himself. He took up his book, and was endeavouring to regain his subject, when the door flew open with great noise and violence, and the loose-robed phantom, with slow and solemn pace, presented itself before him. For a moment it gazed on Julian; and then, with a majestic air, waved him to the door. “I will not go hence,” said Julian with firmness. “It aught is required me to know, unfold it here. *Who art thou?*” A voice, like the hollow echoes of a vault, replied, “Thy MURDERED father.” “MY FATHER!” cried Julian, gasping for breath, his eyes gazing on the wan and faded form, whilst a sensation of painful tenderness swelled his heart. “MY FATHER MURDERED—AND THUS? Oh! my

father! revered name! let me thus, on my knees, pay that dutious homage to thy shade, which fate denied me to thy earthly substance." He approached the shadow, and sunk on his knees before it in speechless agony, whilst streams of tears ran down his cheeks. The shade bent over him, whilst a faint gleam of pleasure half illumed its solemn and sad countenance. "Oh! my father!" at length, he cried, "if the unimbodyed spirit can take cognizance of what passes in the imbodyed, thou knowest what painful curiosity rends my heart. Where is my mother? Where thy other children?" "ALL murdered but thyself, whom, thrown into the river, a tuft of hay, by the good providence of God, received." "My God!—ALL!"—He paused, in horror and astonishment; at last proceeded: "How shall I revenge thy murder? How give peace to thy troubled spirit?" "Consult the Marquis of Vicanze," the same hollow voice replied.

Julian still continued kneeling, still gazing on the almost transparent form, when it gradually faded from his sight, and he continued to fix his straining eyes on empty space. At length he arose, and threw himself into an easy chair, his mind so filled with the recent scene, that he seemed to have not an idea beyond it.

As his mind recovered its powers, he perceived that, though he had gained some light, still the affair was involved in great mystery. Who was the Marquis of Vicanze, and where was he to be found? It was not probable that Conrad could give him any information, yet he might be of use to him. He then lay down upon the bed; but his mind was too perturbed to afford him any thing but short and broken slumbers. The moment he closed his eyes, the wan spirit of his father swam before him, the dismal cries sounded in his ears, and he started from his sleep in indescribable horrors. He rose early, unrefreshed and dispirited; and, leaving the castle, walked towards his cave. Near it he found Conrad, who had been to pay him an early visit.

Julian saw, in the honest joy of the peasant, at perceiving him safe, an incontrovertible testimony of his affection; and he took him back to the cave, that he might there unbosom himself, without fear of interruption.

Conrad declared his hair stood on end with terror and astonishment; but Julian found he could give him no intelligence of the Marquis. He had been but a short time in that part of the country, and knew no more than that the domain of the Haunted Castle was very large and extensive; and that its lord lived at some distance; but he was not even acquainted with his name. "But if your lordship," said he, "would give grant that I might tell this wonderful story to my wife, she hath forty times more sense than me, your honour. Ods bobs, she would find out a way. How joyful should we all be to see your honour lord of that fine Castle, and all the estates round!" "Well; Conrad, we will first discover were this Marquis is to be found. If thou thinkest Gillian can assist us, and art sure she can keep a secret." "I will pledge my life, your honour."

They went to the cabin, but Gillian was not alone; an old gossiping female was with her, who came to buy her honey.

"Oh Heavens!" said Gillian, as they entered, "here is good father Francis with my husband! Welcome, father: how are you after your long walk?" "I thank you, daughter, perfectly well." "This," said Gillian, "neighbour, is a pious father, who means to bless us by living in our district." "Holy Mary, how glad I am to hear it! It is now many years since father Jacamo had a cell in the forest—Ah! the good that he did in our cottages! He comforted the souls of all the poor twenty miles round. Ah! they were blessed days! Younger eyes than mine will never see the like again. Las-a-day! no, for then we had a good lord and lady at the Castle." "Indeed!" said Conrad, finding that Julian was unable to speak, "Who were they, pray? Did you know them?" "Ah! bless their sweet faces! I have seen them times and often. My lord was as stately as a king; nay, people did say he was related to the king; but he was very kind to the poor for all that; and my lady was as handsome and as good as an angel." "What were their names?" The Count and Countess of Waidburg." "What became of them?" "Oh! they went into France at the time we had so many soldiers all about. My lady was afraid belike, and so they went away all of a sudden, without bidding good by to their nearest friends; and there stands the poor Castle, just as they left it, with all the furniture I have heard: and there it may remain I fancy, for nobody will carry it away." "Why?" said Gillian. "Why, the devil is come to keep house there, and the witches have a ball every night." "But who receives the rents of the Castle?" just articulated Julian. "Holy father, a nobleman, who lives about twenty miles off, and is called the Baron Hailbron." Julian started. She did not observe him, but continued—"He married the Countess's sister. People said he was a sad husband, and broke the poor lady's heart; but he lives a long way off, and the world is very given to lying. To be sure he hath a steward, who screws the tenants very much; they cannot live as in my lord the Count's time: Oh! no, that they cannot. But we must never expect to see such days as they were again; we might have fifty lords, and never look upon such another." "Did the Marquis of Vicanze ever come to the Castle?" said Conrad. "O yes; his wedding was kept there, and very grand it was: all the vassals were feasted—Gracious Virgin, what happy times were those!" "Do you know where the Marquis lives?" "Yes, in Italy; for my husband's sister went laundry-maid to the young Marchioness."

"Can you recollect how long it is since the Count, with his family, went to France?" said Julian. "Exactly, father; for I was brought to bed of my third son the very morning I heard the news, and my son is two and twenty next July. I have reason to remember it was *that* time of the year, for we had the night before such a flood as swept all the new mown hay from the meadows into the river—But, bless me!" said she, "I shall talk, and forget

what I have to do. Holy father, I hope you will look into my poor habitation, and bless me and my family." "Where do you live, daughter?" "Hard by; my good neighbour will, I hope, shew you the way. May the blessing of God be upon you all!"

"Though we have gained all the intelligence we wanted," said Julian, "yet still Gillian shall be made acquainted with my secret, that she may counsel me, as I am convinced the female mind is much the most ready and ingenious in difficult matters." He did so. Gillian's astonishment was great. "If the Marquis lives in Italy," said she, "you will, without doubt, take a journey thither." "I intend it; but the difficulty is, how to procure the means of travelling—My purse contains a very few ducats." "But the Castle, my lord, that is undoubtedly yours. If every thing remains as they were left by the family, even to the wearing apparel, probably there may be jewels; these murderers seem to have been above plunder of the small kind. It would be worth while to examine minutely, and your right to them is indisputable." "We have the ghost's word for it, indeed; but how shall we *prove* that right? However, your hint, Gillian, is not a bad one: the peace of these perturbed spirits is of the first consideration, and I will hazard petty consequences to effect it. You shall both go with me." "Not at night, please your honour," said Conrad. "We will go immediately; for I shall enjoy no rest till the spirits of my parents are in peace."

Accordingly, after taking some refreshment, they set off, and reached the Castle about noon. As they entered the hall, though warned of the bustle their presence would occasion, Conrad and Gillian started back, in no small consternation; and though Julian endeavoured to rally them out of their fears, they trembled, and turned pale, as their steps echoed in the lofty rooms, and were every moment looking behind them. By degrees, however, their fears subsided, and they grew tolerably composed. They examined all the lower apartments, and then ascended the stairs. After viewing and admiring the rich furniture and costly decorations of the saloon, Julian conducted them into the chamber where he had slept; which, being the place where the ghost had appeared, renewed all their fears; and it was some time before they were sufficiently composed to examine it. Curiosity at length got the better of apprehension; and as this had been to all appearance the apartment of the Count and Countess, and there were closets in it, and two large dressing-rooms adjoining, one for a gentleman, the other for a lady, it was here, if any where, their search would be successful, and a very strict one commenced. All the drawers were opened and examined. They found a great variety of rich articles of dress. Some valuable ornaments, which seemed to have been in common wear, were in the dressing-boxes; and in one of them they found a key, which they immediately concluded belonged to a large cabinet in the lady's dressing-room, and upon trial found themselves not mistaken. Examining the drawers of this cabinet, the eyes of Conrad and Gillian, unaccustomed to such

things, were dazzled at the riches they contained. In one of them was a lady's set of jewels of immense value; in another those of a gentleman, with a splendid star, which seemed to belong to some order of knighthood; in another some very beautiful miniature portraits, encircled with brilliants. These last fixed the attention of Julian, who fancied he saw in one the likeness of his father; and on comparing it with the family piece, he discovered a striking resemblance, as another bore to the lady there, whom he concluded was his mother. He fervently kissed both. "Whatever betide me," said he, "never will I part from these precious shadows. They shall be the companions of my future fortunes;" saying which, he enclosed them in their cases, and put them into his pocket.

"'Tis strange," said Conrad, "that whoever murdered this family, should not take away any of these valuable things." "They aimed higher," said Julian; "it was in all probability the rich domains of the Castle, not its furniture, or the ornaments of its inhabitants, they sought by their crime to insure. Money, however, as a commodity not *distinguishable*, it is likely they secured; but we will search farther, notwithstanding that conjecture. Count Warfenburg had a secret treasury through such a closet as is in the gentleman's dressing room, whose door was so ingeniously contrived, that it was imperceptible to all who were not previously acquainted with the secret: perhaps this Castle has such an one, which it is *possible* might escape the search of the assassins; when we have seen all the contents of this cabinet, I am determined to examine that closet."

The other drawers of the cabinet they found contained valuable matters of ornament or curiosity; and on opening a private drawer, he found a large green silk purse, crammed up to the top with double ducats.

This was a most desirable acquisition, and indeed all that he stood in need of; yet Julian could not be satisfied without endeavouring to discover the treasury; and they went into the closet, which was hung with tapestry, and loose from its walls. He sounded all round it, but found no other appearance than its being in the wall of the Castle, as in fact it was, in one of the small round towers, and had a window in it which discovered the extreme thickness of the wall, so that he became satisfied there was no door; or if there was, it could not have led to any place.

But, unwilling to give up this search, he made Conrad take out the furniture, which consisted of a small table, and some chairs, and taking up the carpet, examined the floor. Here he saw the boards which composed the flooring did not run the whole length of the closet, but were cut next the wall in a large square, which he was immediately convinced was a trap-door, though he knew not how to get it up. He tried with his foot to see where the hinge was, and then with his hand; at length, pressing a place very hard he thought looser than the rest, he found it was a spring, which pushed up a little piece of the flooring, and discovered a large key-

hole. But where was the key? "Perhaps," said Gillian, "it is in the cabinet in the lord's dressing-room."

The cabinet was examined. It contained gold and silver medals, and other valuable curiosities of elegant antiquity; and in one drawer, to their great satisfaction, they found two keys, one of which they had no doubt belonged to the trap-door, and on application found it did so. The door was at length heaved up, by the united efforts of Julian and Conrad; for the joints were so rusted they had forgot their office. Under it they perceived a narrow winding stair-case, which seemed to lead them from the light of day; for Julian going down a few steps, found the passage so exceedingly dark, that it was impossible to make any discoveries. Here Gillian's prudent forecast was of infinite use: for not knowing where they might be obliged to go, she had taken with her implements for striking a light. A light was struck; one of the wax candles which Julian had left the evening before was lighted, and he went down the stairs with it in his hand, followed by the trembling Conrad, in whom this gloomy descent renewed all his fears. They descended a great number of steps, and at last found themselves before a door which was locked. Julian had put the two keys in his pocket after unlocking the trap-door, and found the other belonged to this. On unclosing this door, which was done with great difficulty, their candle, to the great consternation of Conrad, went suddenly out; and they were left in utter darkness at the foot of this deep stair-case, which, to Conrad's ideas, seemed to have carried them into the bowels of the earth. The poor peasant, expecting every moment to be seized tooth and nail by some fiend, turned up the stairs, stumbling and beating his shins against them at every step, and with pale face, chattering teeth, and standing hair, presented such a picture of horror to his wife, who was impatiently waiting for them, that she was almost as frightened as himself; nor could all the eloquence of Julian, who followed immediately after, for some time compose them; notwithstanding he assured them it could be nothing but the damp vapour of the room, that had been so long shut up, which put out the candle.

At length a light was struck a second time; but Conrad, well as he loved his patron, seemed unwilling to venture again into what he really thought the infernal regions, and Julian excused him. Again he descended the stairs, and, with great precaution holding the candle with his hand, entered this subterranean apartment, and looked round. It was a small room, which he conjectured must be below the foundation of the Castle: its walls were incrustured with a kind of marble, and round it were placed several chests, which were become black and mouldy with the damp. He examined them: in one were large bags of ducats, in another many large pieces of old useless silver plate; and in some others what he fancied was a complete service of gold, but so exceedingly discoloured, that it was but probable conjecture.

As the purse in the cabinet was competent to all its wants for

the present, he displaced nothing ; but having satisfied his curiosity, he locked the door, and ascending the regions of day, relieved his faithful adherents from all their fears upon his account. He informed them of his discoveries ; for in their bosoms he was convinced his secret was safe. The furniture of the closet was replaced ; and locking the keys of the treasury with that of the lady's cabinet in his father's, he put that key into his pocket, with the purse of ducats, and it drawing near evening, they left the Castle, and Julian retired to his cell, having first given Conrad orders and money to purchase three horses, to hire a servant, to buy livery for him, and clothes for himself, as the gentleman of a nobleman, with all other necessary accoutrements, and arms for all three.

Conrad was indefatigable in executing his commission. He hired a stout fellow, of whom, from some knowledge, he had formed a good opinion ; bought three very fine horses ; in short, was so active, that every thing was ready for their journey on the sixth morning ; and, after taking a tender leave of Gillian, who breathed many ardent prayers for a happy conclusion to the adventure, Julian set out on his way to Italy, attended by Conrad as his gentleman, and honest Geoffrey in livery, as his footman, with the cloak-bag, &c.

They ascended part of those stupendous mountains whose range encompass so many provinces, when, coming to a defile, which wound through one of them, and which afforded no unpleasant passage, as its ascent was very gradual, Julian, tired with riding, gave his horse to his servant, and walked on. The defile, at length, suddenly opened into a wide and circular plain, where one of the natives, taking advantage of the situation, had scooped a large cavern in the rock, and had made of it a kind of auberge for the reception of travellers passing that way. An Italian nobleman, and his train of attendants, had, in his way to Germany, stopt to take some refreshment in this place. Julian was immediately saluted by the master of this extraordinary inn, the novelty of which seduced him to enter. He found himself in the presence of a man of a noble aspect, about the middle age, accompanied by a lady of much the same time of life ; and a young lady of near eighteen, whose elegant manners, and sweetness of countenance, were infinitely prepossessing. They informed him they were going into Suabia, and hoped for the pleasure of his company in their journey ; but he lamented that fortune had cruelly deprived him of such felicity, a business of indispensable necessity leading him into Italy.

“ To Italy !—We came from thence. Who is to have the honour of entertaining you there ? ” “ I am in search, Madam, of a nobleman, to whose person I am a stranger ; the Marquis of Vicanze.”

They looked at each other. The gentleman came forwards : “ The Marquis of Vicanze, did you say, Sir ? How fortunate this rencontre ! behold him here.”

"Oh!" said the lady, coming up eagerly to him, taking his hand, and looking inquisitively in his face, "Let me guess your errand. You are the son of Count Waidburg; sent by your dear father in search of relations, who have been so long estranged from him. It must be so. See you not, my lord, my brother's form and face, and even the accents of his voice? Oh! let me embrace thee, my dear Leopold; for it must be him; the dear boy I received in my lap when he opened his sweet eyes to the light. Tell me, have you not the shape of a strawberry imprinted on your breast?" "I have! I have!" said he, tearing open the bosom of his shirt. "See, Madam—Do you recognize the mark?" "I do—I do.—You are my own brother's son; my dear Leopold! But how," said she, "how is my dear brother, my sister, and their other sweet children? Tell me, Leopold, what has happened; what events in the many tedious years we have been strangers to each other?" "Oh! Madam," said he, clasping his hands in an agony, "and when I do tell you, you will die with grief." "Yet, tell me—Oh! tell me—My brother, perhaps, is snatched from me?" "He is Madam." "My sister?" "All gone—all but my unfortunate self. Oh!" said he, throwing himself on the ground at her feet, in an agony of distress, which precluded every prudent reserve; "Oh! my dear aunt, what will you feel when you are informed they perished by the hand of cruel assassins? and that, un-unctioned, and unburied, their perturbed spirits still haunt the place which contains their earthly relics? They call aloud for vengeance; and it was for that purpose I sought the Marquis."—"Oh! thou dearest of brothers—thou sweetest, best of women—ve angelic children! all to be murdered; basely murdered!—Merciless—But were wert thou, young man?—Thy arm should have guarded, should have prevented the blow." "Alas, Madam! I was an infant, not a year old; saved by Providence from the general wreck; brought up by those who knew me not; and it is not ten days since I was first made acquainted with my family, and their dreadful catastrophe."

"An infant!—So long ago! Oh! this is torture beyond the infliction of fiends! I, unnatural sister, never in the space of twenty-two years, to make any inquiries!—Suffer this treasure to be basely, inhumanly seized, and gaily tread the earth, as if it still existed! Oh! Leopold, let me hear the whole of thy sad tale!"

"What I have to say, my dear Madam," said he, taking her hand, as he seated himself by her, and respectfully kissing it, "will bear little relation to those dear friends, of whose fate you wish to be informed, since I am wholly unacquainted with the particulars; and, till these few days, was so totally ignorant of the house from whence I sprung, that I know not even its name, or that such a family ever existed. I can recount only my own history."

"It is now something less than twenty-two years since, as the Marquis Warfenburg was walking early one morning by the side of a branch of the Rhine, which intersected his grounds, and which had the day before, by a sudden fall of rain, overflowed all its bound-

daries, and washed away a considerable quantity of hay which had been making on its banks, he perceived something floating down the stream upon a large bunch of hay, which he at first imagined was a bundle of linen. Curiosity impelled him to a nearer inspection; and as it approached the place where he stood, with a crooked stick he had in his hand, he gently drew it nearer, and, with the assistance of the servant who attended him, brought it on shore. But what was his astonishment when he found, wrapt up very closely, a child of about half a year old! The tender and benevolent heart of the Count was greatly moved. He had been some years a widower, and had lately lost an only son, a youth of great hopes." "God of mercy!" he exclaimed, "thou hast graciously sent me this child to comfort me for that thou hast taken to thyself! Welcome, little stranger; from henceforth my son. Joseph, thy wife hast lately laid in, fetch her to nurse it. What a little cherub it is!" added he, caressing me, whilst, as if sensible of the favour, I returned his caresses with a smile.

"In short,—for this infant, Madam, is the man before you—I was carried home by the compassionate Count, treated with the utmost tenderness, and educated with the same care as a young man of quality. No real father and son could more tenderly love each other.

"But the favour in which I stood with the Count created me enemies. He had a brother, who looked upon himself as heir to his possessions, and who regarded me with an evil eye, as standing between him and his hopes. He even remonstrated with the Count on the injustice he did his family, in his declaration of having adopted me. But the Count was disgusted at his interference, and but the more firmly determined for the opposition. But the difference arising from my being taken into the family, and which happened when I was very young, had so totally estranged them from each other, that they did not meet for many years; and the persons of all that part of the family were unknown to me.

"As I grew up, and was informed of these circumstances, and perceiving myself the reason of this unnatural separation, I became uneasy, and endeavoured, though in vain, to persuade the Count to a reconciliation. My desire to effect this grew more ardent after I went to Prague, to which university the son of Farnbach was sent, as well as myself, to finish his education. We met there. Avarice, I believe, is seldom the passion of youth. Edric did not seem to hate me, because I was the rival of his fortune; on the contrary, he, upon all occasions, manifested a real affection for me; and being my senior in the college, had many opportunities of rendering me little services, which he never omitted doing. He introduced me to his most intimate friend, Calheim, the son of Baron Hailbron, who was, upon the whole, an amiable young man; though he sometimes permitted his reason to be governed by the impetuosity of his passions; and we three became inseparable.

"I soon discovered that Calheim was in love with the sister of

Edric : he made her the perpetual theme of his conversation, described her as the most beautiful woman in the world, and delighted to shew her picture, which gave, indeed, sufficient evidence to the assertion.

“ I languished to introduce Edric to his uncle, and laboured so earnestly for that purpose at the vacation, that the good and indulgent Count could no longer withstand my importunities, but consented to receive a visit from Farnbach and his family ; and I, knowing how much a reconciliation was wished for by them, determined myself to be the messenger of this agreeable intelligence.

“ I was received with transports by both father and son, and introduced to Jemima. Heavens ! how did she surpass my utmost expectation, high raised as it was, and my ideas of her formed from a lover’s vivid colourings ! Yet was her lovely person less charming than her mind. She was, indeed, the perfection of human nature. All charming as I found her, believing her engaged to Calheim, the delicate sense of honour deeply implanted in my bosom by my more than father, taught me to guard my heart from the seductive wish of gaining her from him ; and I for some time felt for her only the tender affection of a near relation, in which light the Farnbachs affected to regard me ; and my attentions to her were no more than that of a brother to a beloved sister.

“ I accompanied Farnbach and his amiable children to the Castle of Warfenburg, where, in presenting them to the Count, I had a feast of the most sublime nature, in seeing the family union restored, in observing the extreme pleasure it gave all parties, and in the consciousness that I myself was the occasion of it.

“ From this time the family visits were frequent ; I was often at Farnbach’s, where I frequently met Calheim. His love was of the most impetuous kind ; and the unguarded, and sometimes rude display of it, seemed to give Jemima more disgust than pleasure ; and I could not help remarking a coldness in her manner to him ; but this I imputed to the natural reserve of the sex. His suit was warmly favoured by her brother, and not much less so by Farnbach himself, who was desirous of making a rich match for his daughter, and Calheim was the only child of a man of immense wealth. But the Baron, who was reported to have a mercenary soul, disapproved his son’s choice, because Farnbach could give but a slender fortune with his daughter ; and as Calheim was entirely dependant on his father, here the affair demurred. With all these circumstances, as one of the family, I was made acquainted.

“ At length I found that the guard of honour was insufficient to shield my heart from love ; and that the intimate converse in which I lived with Jemima was destructive of my peace. The equanimity of my mind was destroyed ; my vivacity flown : I became restless, uneasy, and melancholy. Alas !” said I, “ if money be the only obstacle to an union on which her happiness depends, gladly would I sacrifice my own fortune to effect it.

“ Full of this project, I hastened to the Count ; for we were

then on a visit to Farnbach; and, on my knees, besought him to transfer to *Jemima* the fortune he had intended for me, as the only means of rendering the Baron propitious.

“After commending the generosity of my sentiments, ‘are you *sure*,’ added he with a smile, ‘that, in promoting the union of *Jemima* with *Calheim*, you shall find her grateful? Before any thing is proposed, I will have you talk with her on the subject, and endeavour to discover her real sentiments. If you are right in your conjectures, you shall command my services; for are you not my son? and ought I not to endeavour to render you happy? But I must not suffer you to be the dupe of your own heart, and made wretched by a nobleness of soul. Talk to her, learn her sentiments, and *then* you shall direct me.”

“I fell at his feet in a transport of gratitude, and kissed his hands a thousand times. I then ran out of the apartment to seek for *Jemima*, whom I found walking in a retired part of the garden. She blushed at my approach. ‘How happy am I, my fair cousin, to find you thus alone! for I have business of the most interesting nature. It has been matter of the greatest uneasiness to me, my dearest cousin, to see for several weeks an air of dejection take place of those smiles which used to adorn that face, and glad the hearts of all beholders. There are some secrets which there is an unwillingness in a delicate mind to disclose; will you pardon me, if I attempt to guess? The happy *Calheim*, by his merits, his assiduities, has acquired an interest in your heart.’——‘No more, *Julian*: I will hear no more.’ ‘As I perceive your happiness at stake—nay, hear me out—I have prevailed upon the Count to make that matter easy to the Baron. For, oh, *Jemima*! seizing her hand, ‘what sacrifices would I not make to insure your felicity?—would even myself present this dear soft snowy hand, much as my heart would suffer in the effort, to effect it.’

“*Jemima* wept, hid her face in her handkerchief, and sighed—‘Leave me.’ ‘Not in this state of mind. Ah, *Jemima*, it was your happiness I sought; but I seem to add to your distress; I am very unfortunate. Yet, pardon my error, for the sake of the motive, and tell me how I *can* alleviate your sorrow?’ ‘Not by promoting my marriage with *Calheim*; for that would be worse than death: I hate and detest him.’

“I paused: my heart thrilled with delight. I took courage to disclose my sentiments to her; and had the supreme felicity of hearing the soft confession of a reciprocal affection before we parted. My transports arose almost to madness; and, when we separated, I ran to impart them to the Count. This event of our conversation, which he had foreseen, delighted him. He took upon himself the management of the business. *Calheim*, enraged at his disapprobation, imprecated curses on us all, and denounced vengeance on me.

“Splendid preparations were made for the wedding. We were all assembled at the Castle of Warfenburg, where *Jemima* and I were to live with the Count; when, the very evening before that

day which was to give to my arms the loveliest of women, my benefactor, my father, my friend, sunk from his chair in an apoplectic fit, and, notwithstanding every medical assistance, expired that night in my arms; waking, just before his demise, to sense and recollection, and dying imploring the blessing of Heaven on me—Let me draw a veil over the distraction of my grief.

“On opening the will, I found myself recognized by the endearing name of son, and as such left heir to all his vast possessions, some few legacies to his brother’s family, and his own servants, excepted.

“I was hurt at this great bequest. Had I been left an easy fortune in money, I should have been satisfied, and taken it without remorse. But his vast domains, the inheritance of his ancestors for many generations!—It would be robbing the family of their just expectations, their *undoubted right*. This consideration struck me with all its weight.

“I will not,” said I, addressing Farnbach, “be a richer man than I ought, nor take advantage of the kind partiality of the Count in my favor, to deprive his family of what they have a just claim to. This Castle, with its rich domain, have been in the possession of your ancestors from remote antiquity, and shall be yours, the lawful heirs to it. I will be neither rich nor great at the expence of Justice. Give me your *Jemima*; look upon me as your son; and give me, *as a son dependant on his father*, what you please. Upon *your generosity, your justice*, I throw myself, without reserve. My heart swells with gratitude to the dear departed Count, for the many invaluable benefits his benevolence, his love, heaped upon me; but there, Sir, ends my claim on his fortune; and so saying, I thrust the will into the fire.

“Wonder and surprise, for some moments, held them silent. Farnbach and his son then embraced me in transports, and were profuse in their expressions of admiration and gratitude.

“Jemima, by this addition to the wealth of her family, was now considered as a vast fortune. As our marriage was unavoidably postponed from respect to the deceased Count, it gave leisure to Baron Hailbron, now as desirous of the match as he had been before averse to it, to make such splendid proposals to Wartenburg, as dazzled him so much, that he forgot his obligations to me, his promise to his brother, his love to his daughter, and became so obstinately bent upon it, that no consideration of honor or affection could have any weight to detach him from his purpose.

“In vain were my remonstrances; for I would not descend to reproaches. In vain Jemima’s declarations of unchangeable love—her solemn protestations of never wedding another, whilst I was living; and, in confirmation, calling on her knees, the Blessed Virgin, and every saint, to witness her sincerity. She was torn from me, and I was bade to leave the castle for ever.”

Julian then proceeded to inform his noble auditors of all that with which the reader hath been before acquainted.

“But who, my Lord,” said the Marchioness, “can be this

diabolical assassin, who took the lives, but left untouched the property of our unhappy family? As if the love of blood was his worse than savage stimulant, since the fiercest beasts slay not, but from the impulse of hunger.”—“Who, my dear, but the man who now receives the rents, and possesses himself, by so doing, of all the rich domain of the Castle—that vile Baron Hailbron? It was, as you must recollect, my desire to take the veil from your brother’s eyes, who thought him a man of the most consummate virtue, and display him in his proper colours, which was the foundation of that quarrel that separated us for so many years.”—“I too well recollect it. Ah! if he had but listened to your friendly representations, he might have been now living! But,” said she, rising, “we stay too long. Let not a moment be lost in procuring peace to the unquiet spirits of my poor brother and his family—We will pursue our journey.”

They set out for the seat of the Baron, with a train of servants, well armed, and reached the house of Hailbron, with which the Marquis was well acquainted, by the next noon. Their harbinger sounded his horn at the gate: and, on the porter’s appearing, they desired admittance to the Baron; but were told, that he could receive no company; for that his only son had, three days before, been brought home so dangerously bruised, by a fall from his horse in hunting, that his life was despaired of; which had so affected the Baron, whose health had been some time in a declining state, that he had taken to his bed, and it was apprehended would live but a very few days. But the Marquis was not to be denied. He insisted the Baron should be told that two gentlemen desired to see him upon business of the most important and urgent nature, which would admit of no delay; and, in consequence of this message, they were admitted.

This wretched man was supported in his bed, almost upright; with pillows, and presented to them, on their entrance, a countenance so expressive of grief and debility, so sick, and so ghastly, that Julian, whose heart had been, as he drew near the house, almost bursting with rage at the idea of a conference with his father’s murderer, and had his doubts whether it would be possible to withhold himself from doing actual justice on his person, found his passion disarmed, and a kind of pity rising in his breast. His physician and confessor were with him.

“Who are these?” they heard him peevishly cry as they approached his chamber, “that will obtrude themselves, and their business, upon me, in such an hour as this?—Who is it I see? Vicanze!—and—Hell and distraction.”—

His eyes fixed themselves on Julian with a wild expression of astonishment, fear, and horror, which, for a moment, held him speechless; at last he cried—“Hide me, protect me from him—suffer him not to come near me—he will snatch me alive to hell—Doctor—father—Oh! speak to him—tell him I am sorry—grieve—repent, with bitter remorse, I ever injured him—but oh!—protect me from his vengeance!”—

"Who is it you fear, my Lord?" said the father. "Here are only two gentlemen in the room, and neither of them seem inclined to injure you." "*Gentlemen!* Alas! father, you know not *what* they are. One of them *may* be a living man, but the other—Ah! I know him well: it is the ghost of Count Waidburg, who perished by"—"By your hand," said Julian, as he advanced to the bed, and pulled the counterpane from off the head of the trembling delinquent. "I am come to claim vengeance for the dead, though not the ghost of Waidburg, but his living son."—"His son! You cannot be his son, because"—"Bethink thee! Did *all* perish by thy fell sword?" "No: one was tossed into the river, to perish there." "But there the providence of God preserved him to revenge his family. Miscreant, confess thy crimes—let these witness thy guilt, and the justice of thy punishment."—"And what vengeance wouldest thou have? I am now dying; my death's wound was given me in that of my son; and he—Oh, my son! thou art dying also. I *am* punished, I *have* been punished—a swifter vengeance than thine hath overtaken me—Oh! if thou couldest know the tortures which have and do wring my soul, thou wouldest hold thyself amply revenged."—"Confess thy guilt."—"I *do* confess it. Father, draw near; Doctor hear me; Vicar—Waidburg—pray be seated. If my strength will permit, I will give a short—it must be a very imperfect sketch of a wicked life, and of consequence a wretched one; for, let this truth ever dwell in thy memory, young man, that SO FAR AS WE DEViate FROM THE PATH OF VIRTUE, SO FAR DO WE STRAY FROM THAT OF HAPPINESS.

"Count Waidburg and myself were educated at the same academy. An early friendship was formed between us; and the first grief which either knew was, when separated from the academy. Time, however, had its usual effect in healing our sorrows: absence cooled the fervors of our friendship; and our correspondence remitted so much from its first punctuality, that we at length forgot to write to each other. Waidburg possessed every virtue. He had a soul formed for domestic happiness. He married a woman as amiable as himself, and their felicity was unbounded, till I, fiend like—My less happy stars led me to Vienna. There I fell in company with some profligate young men: they found me virtuous, but they were unwilling to leave me so. The good principles I had imbibed in my education, for a time withstood all their attacks; and they at last found that their success depended on their ridding me of all religious apprehensions. They, therefore, with a hellish zeal, plied me with such arguments as at first staggered my faith, and at length divested me of every religious principle. Loosened thus from my former restraints, I gave an unbounded indulgence to every passion. Let fools," said I, "talk of *virtue*, of *conscience*, of *moral* obligations—absurd restraints, if they in any manner thwart the great end of being—happiness! as whatever conduces to it, is real wisdom. Rape, robbery, murder, what are you? Terms of reproachful meaning, mere names

affixed to certain actions, by knaves, to deter fools from practising them. Upon this principle I governed my conduct. My companions had no more reason to upbraid me for want of spirit ; I had a pride in outdoing them in every outrage against decency and virtue. In this way of life my fortune was soon dissipated. My companions, as poor as myself, could not assist me, and I was much distressed. At length I recollected Waidburg. I made him a visit, and found him, in the bosom of his family, as blest as mortal could be. He received me affectionately ; the ardors of our youthful friendship seemed to revive ; on *his* part they were without doubt sincere ; on *mine*——I confided in him the broken state of my fortune, imputed it to misfortune, to imprudence, to the follies of youth, seen and repented of ; for his soul was too virtuous to unveil to him my principles, or acquaint him with my conduct, which luckily, as I then thought, the distance at which we had lived had precluded him from hearing ; his purse was at my command : he re-purchased the estate in which I now live, which had once belonged to my family——He was the most generous of men.

“ The father of the Countess dying soon after you left them, her only sister came to reside with her. She was beautiful in her person, of a mild and amiable disposition, and her fortune was large : altogether I thought her an object worthy my serious attention : I soon made myself an interest in her gentle bosom ; the Count and Countess were my advocates, and we soon were married. Blest with such a wife, and an ample fortune, I ought to have been content. But all fell far short of my desires ; nor could I be easy with a moderate income, whilst I saw the Count enjoy his vast domains ; for that devil, Avarice, had possessed himself of my heart, and the love of money succeeded the love of pleasure. As my guided precept was, that every thing was lawful which led to the accomplishment of my desires, my fertile invention soon presented me with a plan, which would effectually put me in possession of my utmost wish. But how shall I unfold the horrid mystery ! As a method of supplying the Castle with provisions, in case of a siege, or of facilitating escape when defence failed, the rock on which it stood had been excavated, and a winding passage led from one of its lower apartments into the forest, and ended in a cavern in one of its thickest and most impervious parts. The secret of this passage had been delivered down, with the utmost caution, from father to son, for many generations ; but the unbounded confidence of Waidburg had intrusted me with it ; and through it I, one fatal night, led some ruffians, hired for the purpose, who, as the family were all sleeping in their beds, secured every creature with very little noise, servants as well as principals, except one nurse ; and having dispatched them, put all the bodies in the vaults under the Castle. The nurse of the youngest child, which had been crying, and kept her awake, was alarmed, and made her escape out of the Castle by a small wicket ; but not unperceived, for she was pursued, and overtaken at some distance, as she was crossing a bridge ; and the

man who followed her told me, that he tossed the child into the river, that he might be at more liberty to manage the nurse, whom, after stabbing, to prevent her outcries, he brought her dead body back to the Castle, and put it to the others. The next morning I went round to the Count's vassals, to inform them, that business of the last moment, which regarded the state, had called their lord suddenly, and without any warning, into France: his lady, and all his servants, were gone with him; and that he had intrusted me with the care of every thing till his return. That, as soon as I had, by the help of my own servants, put things into some order after their hasty departure, as there were no servants left, I should shut up the Castle, and they were desired to go no more thither. Satisfied with this tale, no one inquired into the probability of it, and we were not disturbed; the horses and the carriages were destroyed; the plate, jewels, and furniture, I would not suffer to be touched, lest they should lead to a discovery; and I could not, by the strictest search, discover where the Count deposited his money.

"Indeed, every thing was put in such order after the carnage, that if accident or suspicion had led any one to the Castle, and even induced a search, there were no marks remaining of what had been done. To prevent every possibility of a discovery from the remorse or interest of those I had employed, I one evening treated them so plentifully with the Count's wine, that they were all intoxicated; and then, in their last bottle, I infused a large portion of a swift acting deadly drug, which laid every one lifeless at my feet. I then disposed of their bodies in the vault where the other servants were deposited, and, locking up the Castle, departed to my own house; concluding that now, with such an accession of fortune, I should find myself completely happy.

"Alas! how mistaken is that man who thinks to purchase happiness by guilt! Though I had secured every avenue to a discovery, the idea of those I had murdered perpetually haunted me; every penetrating eye that was cast on me, I shrunk from, as if it could have pierced the dark recesses of my soul; and I lived in continual apprehensions of detection, though I knew not from whence it could come. I seldom visited the environs of the Castle, and never could I persuade myself to enter its gates. There has a report gone forth that it is haunted; and sure, if ever place was disturbed by the spirits of the dead, it must be such an one, where so many atrocious murders were committed.

"My wife was uneasy for her sister; and many letters was I obliged to forge to make her quiet. Death, however, soon relieved me from all trouble on that head, and her from a life of misery. All my hopes, all my expectations, now centered in my son; and I flattered myself with seeing him enjoy that happiness which I felt myself incapable of possessing. Alas! how fallacious that hope!—I have seen *him* also miserable, the prey of hopeless passion. The sorrowful witness of his wretchedness, and burdened with my own guilt. Oh! Waidburg, thou hast been greatly revenged! Yet these seem but the *preludes* of my punishment; for my

son is dying, the last prop on which I leaned for happiness; and my own life draws to its close. Waidburg, I am ignorant how you were preserved; but your person declares your father. I know not in what state your Castle is, but I never pillaged it. The money with which your father died possessed I never discovered; these you may enjoy: and oh! that I could as well restore to you the dear relatives I have deprived you of, as I can the wealth I have accumulated by their destruction! for all I have shall be yours. But leave me for the present, and have some refreshment."

Vicanze and Julian withdrew in a state of mind easily conceived, but impossible to be described; shocked to the soul at the accumulated crimes of Hailbron, yet deeply compassionating his present wretchedness, and the horrors which seemed to await him.

A repast was set before them, though neither of them had much appetite; and, soon after it was finished, they were summoned into the sick Baron's room, who was informed of his son's death, and his own approaching fate, which nearly overwhelmed him.

As soon as the Marquis and Julian appeared, "Oh," he cried, "they tell me I must die—die soon—die *now*—Oh! how shall I hide me from the presence of an offended God? Teach me, father Anselmo, to deprecate his vengeance. Oh! no, no, it cannot be. How do my crimes arise in ghastly array against me!—See—see the assassins, whom I murdered, armed with scorpion whips!—They grin and shake them at me—Oh! Oh they advance towards me—they will seize me—Save me—save me from their fury."

Then falling into horrible convulsions, he expired.

The Marquis and Julian withdrew from this dreadful scene, in an agony of mingled horror and grief. Beds were prepared for them, but they were both too much shocked to enjoy any repose, and met in the morning with depressed spirits.

They found the Baron had executed the deed, which constituted Julian the sole heir of all his possessions, recapitulating briefly his reasons for so doing. They gave orders for the funerals of father and son; and, sending for the parish priest, whom Anselmo commended as a very good man, particularly requested that every thing might be done in masses, and all religious rites, as far as the survivors *can* do for the deceased, to insure the peace of their souls, particularly that of the unhappy father.

A servant had been sent with orders to get one of the farm houses, near the Castle, ready for their reception, which they found done; and that no time might be lost, the next morning the Marquis, Julian, father Anselmo, with Conrad, who would not be left out, and a train of servants, proceeded to the Castle, and Julian guided them to that dungeon to which he had been led by the phantom the first night of his lodging at the Castle; and there, by the light of the lanterns, they indeed found the evident remains of a man, a woman, and three children. From the Baron's account, there could be no doubt but these were the relics of the unfortunate Count and his family. Filial grief swelled the heart, and suffused the eyes of Julian. The Marquis was deeply affected.

Even the attendants were moved at the sad spectacle. Magnificent coffins were ordered for each ; and to Father Anselmo was given the charge of the funeral rites, which were to be performed with every solemnity and ceremony which his piety, good sense, and knowledge of the manners and usages of the church, to restore peace to the spirits of the deceased, could suggest.

They then explored the rest of the subterranean apartments of the Castle, which, standing upon arches, had cellars, vaults, and dungeons, all under it. Next the dungeon where they found the Count's remains, was a large place full of bones, which they concluded were those of the servants, and their murderers. Funeral rites were ordered for these also ; and having searched every gloomy recess, with the nicest inspection, that the Castle might no more be polluted with dead bodies, they reascended to the light of day. In a few days, receptacles for the various bodies being prepared, they were incased in them. Those of the Count, the Countess, and their children, were deposited, with all due honours, in the family mausoleum ; those of the servants, and others, in the common burying-place.

The Castle was then cleansed, proper prayers offered up in every apartment, due lustrations made by the burning of incense, sprinkling with holy water, &c. Every ceremony performed which Father Anselmo thought necessary, Julian that night determined to lie in the Castle, as did the father, and the Marquis. But they found some difficulty in persuading their servants to sleep in the Castle : even Conrad, though very unwilling to leave his lord, would scarcely have been prevailed on to remain there in the night, had he not been promised a pallet-bed in Julian's apartment, which he took possession of with fear and trembling.

Julian had chosen, for his own apartment, that chamber in which he had passed his former nights, and which he believed to have been that of his parents ; and every one retired early to bed, with lights in each room. Julian was little disposed to sleep, being occupied by a multitude of thoughts, some pleasing, some otherwise. Every seeming unfortunate circumstance had hitherto become matter of real benefit to him ; and he found himself, by a chain of the most joyless and unpromising accidents, instated most unexpectedly in all his family wealth and honours. While he was thus ruminating, he was suddenly interrupted by the sound of distant music. He listened. It seemed to sound as if in the vaults of the Castle. It grew every moment more distinct, as if approaching. At last it seemed to enter, and fill his chamber. All which the imagination can form of the songs of angels in the highest heaven was here realized. The notes were swelled with such enchanting sweetness, the strains so ravishing, that he listened in an extasy of delight, and scarcely breathed, lest he should lose a note. He had undrawn his curtain to see from whence the harmony proceeded ; but, though his chamber was illumined with a brightness superior to the mid-day sun, he could perceive no appearance of any being. The heavenly strains still continued to enchant him, and such were their effect, that every painful sensation was dispelled from his bosom, a sweet

and tranquil pleasure was infused into his soul, and sleep stole insensibly over his delighted senses. Imagination presented to him the most pleasing dreams—His father, his mother, and their children, in white and spotless robes, crowned with glory, and accompanied by angels, hymning in heavenly melody their Maker's praise. Even Conrad, after the first sensations of fear, found his soul harmonized by the divine music. Every one in the Castle had heard it, as it passed from the vault; and they all met in the morning with renovated spirits, particularly Julian, for he looked upon it as an indubitable assurance of the peace and happiness of his parents.

The Count now sent for Gillian, to whom he gave the domestic management of the Castle, as governess of his family, with money to buy clothes and linen, in the most respectable style; and as he found nothing could please the affectionate heart of Conrad so much as being near his person, he ordered him clothes, &c. as his first gentleman: purposing, however, this arrangement but for the present, as he intended fixing them, when he was settled, in a comfortable farm near him, that they might enjoy themselves much more at their ease than in the Castle, where it was probable Conrad would soon feel himself out of his element.

Gillian was desired to hire servants; the proper establishment of a nobleman was formed; workmen were set about the necessary repairs; gardeners were employed to put the environs in order, and every thing was in a train to restore the Castle to its ancient splendor.

Julian now determined to explore the passage by which the Baron had said he entered the Castle. It entered, he said, the closet of the farthest parlour in the suite from the hall. To that parlour Julian repaired, and locking the door upon himself, he searched the closet, and, with some difficulty, at last discovered a trap-door, which having opened, he descended, by several steps, into a place so very dark, that he thought it necessary to return for a lantern. Having procured one, he again descended, and for some time walked in this dark winding way, which seemed to have been cut, with infinite labour, through what had the appearance of a rock. At length he reached a door which was bolted; it was with infinite difficulty he drew the bolt back, for the iron was so rusted by the damp of the earth, that it required the full exertion of all his strength to make it move. This arduous task at last accomplished, on opening the door, he, to his great surprise, found himself in his former habitation. With pleasure he regarded the humble furniture provided for him by his faithful friends in the day of his necessity, and opening the outward door, contemplated with satisfaction the rural scene. “This place,” said he, “will I adorn as a retreat from the noisy pleasures of the world; from the fatiguing parade of greatness. It shall be guarded from all intrusion by additional plantations; and here will I enjoy the tranquil pleasures of retirement. This hermit's gown,” said he, throwing it about his shoulders, at the same time putting on the hat, “these garments will I keep for this purpose. In the Castle, I will be Count Waidburg; in this cave, Father Francis. Sure I heard a shriek of distress!—Robbers are in the forest—per-

haps murdering some traveller—I may possibly assist the distressed, and my habit will protect me from the ruffians—my beard—So, more shrieks! nay, then, my staff.” He hastily ran out of the thicket, and had not gone far from the mazes which led to his retreat, directed by his ear, when he met a youth running, and close behind him a ruffian with a bloody sword in his hand; another moment, and he had been too late. Julian knocked the sword out of the man’s hand with his staff, and before he had time to recover it, a well-directed blow on his head, by the same trusty weapon, laid him senseless in the dust. Then, seizing the youth’s hand, who stood panting by his side, he ran with him through the thicket into his dell, and from thence into the cave, where he fastened the door within-side, to prevent, if they should be pursued, the possibility of being broken in upon. “Sit down on this stool, good youth; thou art greatly, and with reason, hurried and alarmed; but take courage, no harm can happen to thee here.” “Oh! father,” said the youth, panting for breath as he spoke, “what is it I do not owe to your miraculous interposition! A man and woman, who accompanied me, are both murdered. I struggled from the ruffian who held me, and ran for my life; but he must have overtaken me in the next moment, for my strength and my breath were exhausted—Oh! receive my thanks.” “Reserve them, my son, for that Providence which brought me here. And now, if thou canst bear a little farther walk, I will lead thee to a place where thou mayest have some refreshment, for thou appearest to need it.” “Any where, father, with you.” “Follow me then,” said he, taking up the lantern, and leading into the dark winding passage, the youth all wonder following. At length, they reached the stairs, and ascended through the closet into the parlour. The youth looked round with amazement. The magnificence of the room formed a striking contrast with the meanness of the cave, and it received additional brilliance from its dark entrance. “Repose thyself,” said Julian, “on this sofa, whilst I go to order thee some refreshment.” The youth received it with gratitude, mixed with a sort of wonder; eat some biscuits, but, instead of wine, entreated Gillian to get some water. He then requested to know where he was. “You are,” said Gillian, “in the Castle of Count Waidburg: here he comes, and I hope will prevail upon you to drink a little wine after your water; but to his better advice I leave you, Sir.” Saying so, she quitted the room the moment Waidburg entered it, who now, having thrown off his hermitage attire, appeared as himself. The youth no sooner cast his eyes upon him, as he shut the door, than he gave a loud scream, and exclaimed, “Heavens and earth! what do I see? Julian—and alive!—impossible—I am under the power of some illusion—I dare not trust my eyes.”

The sound of that voice had awakened ideas in Julian, to which he could not give a name. A wild indetermined joy seized his heart, He ran to the sofa, and taking the panting youth up in his arms, he devoured his features with his eyes; then straining him to his breast—“What mystery?—what enchanting delusion is this?”

said he, "which thus seizes my senses? Oh! wake me not from it. Suffer me to continue in the delicious dream, that this is *Jemima*, whose bosom throbs in blissful unison with mine. O bliss unexpected!—Unhoped-for joy!—Extasy too great for human nature! Tell me how thou wast dead and living at the same time; inurned in the tomb of thy ancestors, yet now breathing in my arms! Yet tell me not; sufficient to me that I fold thee thus to my bosom; thy breath is too precious to be spent in dull recital; tell me only that thou art mine—mine only." "I am thine," said she, "only thine, and all thine. But, my dear *Julian*, enough has been given to this wild rapture; let us now condescend to be reasonable beings." "And is it unreasonable to enjoy the few, the very few moments of unallowed felicity, which falls to the lot of mortals? It would be ungrateful to Providence not to drink that cup of sweetness to the bottom. To behold thee living, after lamenting thee dead; to hold thee thus in my arms, assuredly mine—the bliss is extatic—my whole soul is in a whirl of sweet delirium!—to be *reasonable* in such a moment would be treason to love." "But, my dear *Julian*, where is the good father to whom I owe my life?" "Here, *Jemima*, clasping thee to his fond bosom. Even me: I was the happy instrument of saving a life so precious; an action I should have grudged a monarch." "You are all mystery, all wonder." "I am, my sweetest, and have a wonderful tale to unfold to thee, when I am at leisure." "Now then." "Now! Unconscionable *Jemima*! Do not, my sweet girl, unmercifully condemn me to a dull recital of matter of fact." "If you love me—I am dying with curiosity." "Irresistible girl; hear then with attention a very singular story."

He then recited his history from the time of his leaving the Castle. "Thus," said he, when he had ended it, "thus thou seest me Count *Waidburg*; no more the mean dependant, the wretched outcast, but possessed of friends, of fortune, and of quality, and enabled to support my *Jemima* in a rank not unworthy of her. The good Father *Anselmo* will be back this evening, and to-morrow morning, in the chapel of the Castle, shall bless me with thy hand." "*To-morrow*, *Julian*!" "Yes, to-morrow, my love. Nay, no reluctance; for see you not," added he, smiling, "that I consult your honour? Can you think that I shall ever part from you out of my sight again? And your delicacy will suggest the impropriety of living in the same house with a young man." "But I am ashamed of my dress; how shall I be provided with the proper habiliments of my sex?" "I think for that we are provided." Then instantly summoning *Gillian*, "My good *Gillian*," said he, "partake the happiness of your lord—Behold, in this youth, his adored *Jemima*." "Lady *Jemima*! Blessed event!" "But, *Gillian*, can the wardrobe of my mother afford accommodations for this lady? Perhaps she will condescend to make use of it till something more proper can be provided." "Oh! any thing to get out of this odious dress. Honour me, *Gillian*, then with your company up stairs." She did so. *Gillian* displayed some rich dresses of the late Countess;

her height had been nearly the same, and, though something larger, did not ill fit the fair *Jemima*. She selected one, and with great satisfaction attired herself in the dress of her sex.

She now appeared with more pleasure to herself before the eyes of her enraptured lover; who, all beautiful as he had ever thought her, beheld her now as possessing superior charms. Perhaps the consent which she yielded to his importunity, to become his wife on the morrow, tinged deeper the rich carmine of her cheek, and gave new heightenings to her beauty.

At last, after a pause of those pleasing nothings, that enchanting tautology, which lovers listen to delighted; "*Happy,*" said she, "as I will own myself in my present situation, *Julian*, yet still the horrors of the morning will not be done away from my thoughts—That unfortunate man and woman who accompanied me—I had infinite obligations to them—It was their care of me which led them to their unhappy destiny." "I will send some of my servants into the forest; they shall search for them. If they can be recovered, they shall be rewarded for their services; if actually dead, their remains shall have due honours."

Orders were immediately given; the servants sallied forth, *Conrad* at their head. *Jemima* rewarded her lover with a sweet and tender smile, for his readiness to oblige her, and then said, "Have you no curiosity, *Julian*, to hear my story?" "Indeed I have no sentiment so dull about me." "Curiosity is an enlivening sentiment, if I may judge by its effects on the many who are often extremely active to gratify it. I must, however, give you my tale.

"That morning which saw you so ungratefully and ignominiously shut from our gates, those gates which *you* had opened to us, my father came up to my chamber, and in great rage, and with the most bitter imprecations in case of my disobedience, bade me prepare to receive *Calheim* as my husband; binding his resolution, that the nuptial knot should be tied that day week, with the most horrid oaths. I had nothing but tears, prayers, and sighs, to offer in opposition, and they were offered in vain. In vain I urged my own vow, his promise so solemnly given, our obligations to you. This last hint put him in a whirlwind of passion; he flew from me in inconceivable fury, denouncing vengeance on me, on you, on all who should oppose his determinations.

"My faithful *Maria* wept over me as I lay on the floor, where my father had left me kneeling. The poor girl tried in vain to comfort me; a dreary hopeless prospect opened before me, and I prayed for the immediate stroke of death to relieve me from my sorrows.

"But what misery beset me the afternoon of the next day, when my father came into my apartment, and with a smile of cruel insult told me, that now he could set my conscience free from my idle vow, and I might wed *Calheim* with perfect ease of mind, for that you were found dead in the forest; and, as indubitable proofs of it, your sword and horse, neither of which I might be assured you

would relinquish alive, were brought to the Castle, and I might see them !

"Distraction would have instantly seized me, for it immediately occurred to me, they must have been your murderers, had not a happy insensibility snatched me from reflection. I fell from one fainting fit into another, till I believe my father was shocked at his own cruelty, and in real fears for my life.

"My brother attended me with all his former affection, which indeed he never, but at that fatal period, when he suffered a romantic friendship to sway him from every sentiment of honour, forgot. They would have sent for physicians ; but, in my few intervals of sensibility, I insisted so violently that I would admit none, that they gave it up, hoping that the care of my women would be sufficient, and a little while alleviate my grief.

"There was amongst my women one for whom, next to Maria, I had the greatest affection : she had long been in a dangerous state of health, and her parents, who were vassals of my father's, wished to have her with them. But she, unwilling to leave me, had lingered longer about me than she ought, before she would consent to go, though she had been repeatedly told, that nothing but her native air could recover her. She had, however, at last fixed the time, and my father's coach was the next morning to convey her to her parents, which was to set out very early in the morning, that the carriage might be back that night.

"This poor girl, who was brought up with, and tenderly attached to me, had exerted herself much beyond her strength in assisting me ; which, together with her excessive grief at seeing the deplorable state I was reduced to, my miserable prospects, and the idea likewise that she was going to be separated from me, perhaps for ever, induced altogether such an extraordinary agitation of spirits as her weak frame was unable to support ; she sunk down in a kind of fit, and expired.

"I was at that instant just recovered from a fainting fit, and better than I had been for hours. We did not at first apprehend her disorder any thing more than a common swooning ; and as Maria, and my nurse, whose life was devoted to me, were in the room, and had all the usual applications ready at hand, they called no body else.

"Finding at length all the methods used to recover her in vain, and that she was actually dead, they were excessively frightened, and would soon have alarmed the house ; but that I forbade ; a thought had struck me, and I in a moment formed my resolution. She was about my height and size ; her complexion not much unlike mine, and her hair of the same colour. I made them acquainted with my plan, which they cheerfully accorded to, and Maria went to inform the rest of the women that I was inclined to sleep, and desired that none might enter my room.

"Thus secured from interruption, poor Laura was undressed, and laid in my bed. I was then dressed in her clothes ; and taking with me all the money I was possessed of, and what jewels I

could, without subjecting my attendants to suspicion, was led to her room, and immediately put to bed by my nurse, leaving Maria by my bed, who had orders to say I was much better, and desired not to be disturbed; so that though my father and brother both came to my chamber door, they came no farther.

“ My plan was to escape to a convent; and, as I had money enough to procure admission, there to spend the remainder of my wretched life, under a feigned name, without ever undeceiving my friends in regard to my existence; for, added to my fears of being obliged to wed Calheim, my heart seemed alienated from my father and brother, for their ungrateful and cruel conduct; as I had no doubt but they had been, some way or other, accessory to your death.

“ Our scheme was well executed. Dressed as Laura, and closely muffled up, as for fear of taking cold, I was at a very early hour put into the coach by my nurse, and conveyed to her father’s; where, pretending to be exceeding ill, I desired to lay down upon a bed; to which I was led immediately, and avoided all discovery, till the coachman, who waited to refresh himself and his horses, was gone.

“ I then discovered myself to the mother of Laura; who, amidst the grief she felt for the loss of her daughter, omitted not to give me the strongest assurances of secrecy and fidelity; and which indeed she and her husband have most inviolably kept.

“ I fell ill, and my recovery was a long time doubtful. When I grew better, I still remained so weak, that the good peasants, who procured me every accommodation in their power, would not suffer me to leave them.

“ In the mean time my supposed death was managed with great art by my nurse and Maria. After I was safely departed the Castle, they made it ring with their clamorous grief, and shocked my father and brother with the intelligence of my decease. The room was kept darkened, and the curtains of the bed close drawn, my nurse and Maria undertaking, as from affection, to do every thing necessary to the body; no one entertaining the least shadow of a suspicion of any deception, the general resemblance in the lineaments of a corpse not being an object of much pleasing attention, as death makes the most frightful alteration in every visage. Altogether, every thing passed off entirely unsuspected; and the funeral rites of a daughter of the house of Warlenburg were performed over the humble Laura, and her remains were deposited in the family mausoleum with great pomp. Over *her* coffin, my dear Julian, you poured your tears. Alas, I little thought what pangs I was giving your heart by the deception.

“ All this time I continued ill and weak at the farm-house; but, being now recovered, I determined to follow my original plan of going into a convent; and having wrote to the abbess of one, under a fictitious name, and agreed with her on the terms of admission, I procured the apparel of a youth, lest in my journey I might encounter any one who had formerly known me; the good

man and his wife agreed to accompany me. We took our journey on horseback by easy stages, and had alighted to take some refreshment we had brought with us, in one of the glades of the forest, when we were surprized by two ruffians, who, in a moment, laid my feeble protectors dead at my feet. Fear gave me wings to fly from the like fate; but one of them pursued me—he was close behind—my breath, my strength failed—*one* other moment, Julian”—

Julian shuddered at the idea: “Merciful God,” he cried, “I thank thee, that in that moment thou impelled me to step between my Jemima and death.”

Word was now brought that the bodies were found, but without any symptoms of life; and Julian ordered them to the house of one of his vassals for interment; Jemima shedding a shower of tears over her benevolent host and hostess.

Anselmo returned in the evening. That good man had been before acquainted with the story of Julian: the incidents of this day were recounted to him, and he was introduced to Jemima. He felicitated them in a manner which did credit to his feelings, and promised to prepare every thing for the morning; and when that morning rose, it saw indissolubly united, in the silken bands of Hymen, the most charming pair that ever met on earth.

Julian immediately dispatched an express to the Marchioness and her fair daughter, requesting that they would take the trouble of providing all the necessary articles of dress for a bride of quality; importuning them, at the same time, to honour the Castle with their company as soon as possible.

The noble family received the intelligence with rapture, except the gentle Caroline, in whose susceptible bosom the grace of Julian had made some impression. Happily for her they had not been long enough together to render the impression indelible. A few tender sighs, a few gentle regrets, and the idea of his irrevocable engagement, soon effaced the gentle emotions of attachment, and her mind resumed its usual tranquillity.

The Marchioness executed her commission with great taste, and was so in earnest to partake the happiness of her nephew, and visit the mansion of her youth, that a few days brought her to the Castle, where language is as unable to describe the various passions which conflicted in her breast, as the pencil of the artist to delineate their varied expression flying over her intelligent countenance: one moment her face wore the smiles of gladness; the next it was deluged with tears.

She was charmed with the graceful and elegant manners of her new niece, and at the respectfully tender and affectionate style in which she received her noble guests. Caroline, with a liberality of sentiment seldom where a successful rival is a candidate for approbation, readily yielded the palm of superiority to Jemima; and when they retired for the evening, joined in the warm panegyric pronounced by her mother.

The days rolled pleasingly on. Alterations were planned and executed for embellishing the Castle and its environs. Its gardens

were put in the highest order; its apartments decorated superbly; the service of gold plate brought from the subterranean treasury, and burnished for use; all that love, that wealth, that greatness had to give, were lavished on the fair *Jemima*, and yet she sighed in secret; one thing was wanting to complete her felicity.

"My sweetest *Jemima*," said the Count, one day as he entered her apartment rather suddenly, "why this tear, my love, which hangs on thy cheek, like the dew on the rose-bud? Let me kiss it off; and now tell me from whence it sprung?"

"I ought not, my dear *Julian*," said the Countess, with a sigh, "to have one secret unrevealed to thee."

"And hast thou?"

"I am ashamed to acknowledge that, amidst the delights which surround me, I am not completely happy—My father"—

"What of him?"

"Ah, my *Julian*! my heart is a most wayward one. Ungratefully as he requited an action noble beyond words, and) much as I fear he sought thy life, yet still—what shall I say?—he is my father—I cannot harden my heart towards him. I long, I pine to ease his soul of that pang it feels at the idea of having, by his cruelty, shortened my existence. My brother too—But I'll strive to check this tenderness, and tell myself it is injurious to the best of husbands, to entertain affection for those from whom he has experienced such inhuman treatment."

"Thy character, my dearest *Jemima*, rises upon me every hour: far be it from me to check the filial tenderness of the most delicate, the best of minds! No longer let love and duty be at variance. From my inmost soul, I forgive whatever injuries I sustained, and whatever might have been meditated against me. From henceforth they shall have a place in my affections as the father and the brother of my adorable wife. We will seek them out; we will reconcile ourselves to them; they shall partake our happiness. Another pearly drop!—Nay, my love—this flood of tenderness will injure thy health. Let me dry these tears, and we will seek our friends. —To-morrow morning, if it be agreeable to my *Jemima*, we will look over that house and farm, I mean for *Conrad*, and after that time I am wholly at her disposal."

"Leave me a few moments, my generous *Julian*; suffer me a short time to indulge these delicious tears in solitude—I will soon join you."

He complied with her request, and informed his noble relations of what had passed. The good sense and piety of the *Marquis* applauded the filial duty of *Jemima*, the forgiveness of his nephew, and the intended reconciliation. But the *Marchioness*, though possessing equal good sense, and even superior piety, could not so easily pardon *Warfenburg* and his son; for their perfidious conduct; however, she was soon induced, though with some reluctance, to acquiesce in the general sentiment.

In the morning, as *Julian* was setting out with his fair bride and *Caroline*, who desired to be of their party, to inspect a confi-

derable estate which he meant as a reward for his faithful Conrad, he was informed that a coach, in which were two gentlemen, had been overturned in the wood, about half a mile from the Castle, and was broken so much, it would take some hours to repair it.

His route lying a different way, he ordered some of his servants to go to the assistance of the distressed gentlemen, and invite them to the Castle; and as he could not possibly return till near evening, requested the Marquis and Marchioness to receive them, and perform all the rites of hospitality in the absence of himself and his Countess,

In about half an hour after their departure, one of the servants, who had been sent to the overturned coach, returned, and introduced two gentlemen, who looked like father and son; both of noble aspect, and graceful deportment; the young gentleman singularly handsome.

They were received with every mark of hospitable attention and respect; were told that the noble lord of the Castle, Count Waidburg, with his Countess, were absent by a pre-engagement: but, having heard of their accident before his departure, had ordered every assistance might be given them, and that themselves would take upon them the office of entertaining them.

They replied with great politeness; and then, to the infinite surprise of the Marquis and Marchioness, announced themselves the Count Warfenburg and his son.

The Marchioness, who had not forgiven them in her heart, almost grudged them the happiness which awaited them. She wished to keep it from their knowledge as long as possible, and to make them experience some painful sensations before it was communicated.

Desirous of heightening their wonder, by impressing on their minds the highest ideas of the wealth and grandeur of the Count, their entertainment was conducted in the most superb style: they were shewn the most magnificent apartments, and every thing which was rare and costly pointed out to them. It gave satisfaction to the Marchioness to see their admiration strongly excited; she maliciously wished to awaken other feelings; and addressing herself to the Count, "Though," said she, "my lord, I have not had the pleasure of *seeing* any of your family, yet the fame of some part of it has reached me; the beauty of the lady Jemima, your daughter, and the extraordinary merit of the young gentleman, to whom I suppose she is by this time married, Julian."

She paused, for the effect of these few words was visible on the countenances of both; their eyes were filled with tears; their faces covered with blushes.

"I am sorry," resumed she, with an affected concern, "I am afraid I have said something wrong—if so, pardon my ignorance."

"Oh, Madam!" said the father, in an agony of grief, "that beautiful, that amiable girl you mention—these eyes were blasted by seeing her inurned in the tomb of her ancestors."

"I am very sorry indeed—sorry I should revive so melancholy

a recollection—And the poor lover, too, what must *he* have suffered in such a loss! What became of him?”

The Count and his son exchanged a look of unutterable confusion. The father stammered for an answer, but none presented; and yet the Marchioness sat as if she expected one.

The Marquis saw with pity their emotions. “My dearest love,” said he, “you distress the Count.—Gentlemen, will you walk into the garden? you have not yet viewed it.”

Happy to be relieved, they gladly assented to the motion, and walked in it some time, as if they dreaded on their return a reiteration of the Marchioness’s painful interrogatories.

In the mean time the horn of Count Waidburg’s harbinger announced his lord’s approach. The Marchioness ran to receive them in the hall, and drawing them aside, told them who were their guests: “and now, my dear niece,” she added, “indulge a whim of mine: receive your father and brother as people you never saw before. They are confident of the death of both; the resemblance will puzzle them; but under different names, and in so very different a situation, they cannot suspect the truth.—Do, my dearest niece, indulge me this one night in not announcing yourselves.”

“I would do any thing in my power, my dear Madam, to oblige you; but consider the difficulty of the task you assign me—How can I repress those feelings which will assail me! My brother, except in one or two instances, possessed the warmest fraternal affection. My father, with all his infirmities, is entitled to my duty and reverence.”

“God forbid, my dear, I should wish you for a moment to forget those amiable, those never-to-be-dispens’d-with duties; I would veil them only this night—it is the *suspension* only of their *forms* I entreat: I only want to see how nature, and how conscience, will act, when they behold two people appear, whose existence must contradict every fact they suppose themselves masters of; and whose station must preclude the most distant idea of its being *really* them, however strong the resemblance.—Give me this revenge for my nephew’s wrongs, and I ask no more.”

“I yield, Madam; but let me have time to prepare.”

“The longer you think about it, the worse it will be. It is better to plunge at once into a difficult business, than increase your perplexity by reflecting upon it. Have we your concurrence, Julian?”

“With all my soul, if you make it easy to my *Jemima*.”

“I hear their footsteps. They have heard your horn, and are coming.”

They entered at this moment. The Marquis, who knew his wife’s plan, presented them in form. The Warfenburgs both started, both turned pale; but, soon recovering, acquitted themselves tolerably well of the ceremonial.

They were ushered into a grand apartment; supper was served with studied magnificence: they saw themselves surrounded with princely splendor. Could their entertainer be the discarded, penniless, friendless foundling, of whose death too they were assured?—

No.—Much less could his consort be that lamented *Jemima*, whom they had both *seen* enclosed in the mausoleum of their family.

The idea was absurd—was absolutely *impossible*—Yet, good Heavens, how like! In person, in feature, in voice, in manner—in all and every thing the same!

These reflections they read in the eyes of each other; the company read them also, and smiled internally to see them lost in a labyrinth of wonder and amazement.

Julian behaved to them with an assiduous attention. Their ingratitude smote them; they could scarcely lift their eyes to his face; yet it was Count Waidburg, not the abject Julian—Their feelings were inexplicable to themselves.

Jemima could but ill support the scene. She saw her father's eyes fixed upon her, with an expression of the most pungent grief; ill concealed by an affectation of ease; her brother's also—She longed to disclose herself, and clasp them to her bosom.

The hour of retirement was come; she still lingered; at last arose. Her father, who sat opposite, rose also, his eyes swimming in tears. He came round to her, without knowing what he did. He took her hand, and with a heart-rending sigh, clasped it to his bosom. An expression of exquisite tenderness, grief, remorse, mingled in his countenance—She was no longer mistress of her emotions, but threw herself into his arms, murmuring the name of FATHER.

What a sensation of painful delight did that word communicate to both the Warfenburgs! The brother, flying to her, claimed his share of the embrace—they indulged in all the luxury of paternal, of fraternal love—

But when the first tumult of joy gave way to reflection, when they turned to the husband of their *Jemima*—

—How changed were those features which were this moment fired with joy, swelled with rapture!—Words are inadequate to describe the complicated, the various emotion—

A scene of joy followed; which, despairing to exhibit in colouring worthy of it, I shall only say,

—————the happy pair
 Flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

THOMSON.

F I N I S.

